

Tenor.

Plenitude. P. M.



Hail Independence

The day when The day when

# ODES,

Composed to be sung on the Anniversary of

## AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

At Plympton, July 5, 1802.

### ODE I.

#### TO INDEPENDENCE.

**H**AIL INDEPENDENCE, hail!  
This Anniversary  
Recals those splendid deeds  
Which op'd thy natal day;  
The day when injur'd Patriots swore  
To serve proud Albion's King no more.

This day Columbia rose,  
And funder'd slav'ry's chain;  
Resolv'd to crush her foes,  
Lost Liberty regain:  
A day thus fam'd thro' ev'ry clime  
Shall blaze along remotest time.

Hail INDEPENDENCE, hail!  
The richest boon high Heav'n,  
Next to immortal life,  
Has to our country giv'n:  
For this, let all the nation rise  
In aspirations to the skies.

While millions now enjoy  
Those blessings, that were seal'd  
With blood of patriot souls,  
Who fell in Slaughter's field,  
Shall Freedom's sons withhold applause  
From martyrs in her sacred cause?

No:—Ye immortal Shades!  
Tho' ye too soon were slain;  
In Glory's arms ye dy'd,  
Nor bled nor dy'd in vain:  
The laurel, never fading, blooms,  
And sheds rich fragrance round your tombs.

Americans, resolve,  
And swear to guard unstain'd  
Your Independence, which  
Immortal Heroes gain'd,  
Till your forefathers leave their graves,  
And give you charters to be slaves.

### ODE II.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY.

**W**HEN Ign'rance, wild, with Lust and Pride,  
Travers'd the world with hideous stride,  
And hurl'd his darts thro' ev'ry land;  
Then horrid Discord's fi'ry train  
Appear'd in Freedom's fair domain,  
While tyrants reign'd with stern command.

The monster Faction rear'd his growth,  
While human nature lost its worth,  
And Justice, mourning, fled away:  
Despots and tyrants, mad with rage,  
Did with their savage clans engage  
To blast the cause of Liberty.

The Goddess saw from realms of night  
The smiles of Peace, the rays of light,  
Which would her virtuous powers display:  
She rose, she burst the savage den,  
Proclaim'd good will and peace to men,  
And glorious open'd into day.

Tho' Persecution's cruel hand  
Pursu'd her step from land to land,  
With tortures, rage and cruelty;  
Yet, on seraphic wing she flew,  
While aid celestial rose to view,  
And blest her clime Columbia.

While trumpets give the warning sound,  
While warlike clangors echo round,  
And Monarchy her state deplores;  
Fair Liberty asserts her reign,  
While smiling Plenty leads her train  
Along Columbia's hallow'd shores.

Then while in Virtue's seat she reigns,  
Ador'd in patriotic strains,  
For gifts that never fade above;  
May WASHINGTONS in future rise,  
To waft her glory to the skies,  
And all the world unite in love.

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or 505  
(Ann Postly)

Providence: Printed by J. CARTER.

Tenor. Livonia. P. M.



When ignorance wild with lust and pride

Then horrid Discord's

Then horrid